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Chapter 1

It was another day of arguing. 9 countries sat in a room—occasionally standing up to be more forceful in there arguments—not being able to agree on a conclusion.

"We should unilaterally disarm and it should be UK to go first!" A country shouts.

"Why me!" Another shouts back.

The meetings would at first be calm discussion, as countries should talk during meetings, or at least that's how you would expect it to be. But it usually, almost always, escalated to shouting at each other in an attempt of getting a point across.

"Because you have a high influence!"

"Just because I colonised one quarter of the world doesn't mean I have influence on that whole quarter! If anything, me not having defence will give countries, especially those that hold grudges against me for colonisation, a reason to attack!"

"Oui, if we weren't considered allies I would instantly attack you with that defence gone." A different country says more calmly to the side. "Even though you never managed to colonise me."

This argument was fought very often and these countries were evidently becoming tired of it. The rising tensions of these arguments just seemed to add to the threat of nuclear weapons being used. For some it was very stressful—the meetings—and it was a game of dropping threats to see if someone would go over the edge and push the button that could easily destroy a city, if not a small country.

It isn't long before someone tips over the edge and does it.

Not long at all.

"You could just pay them not to attack you."

"Oh, easy for you to say, China. That's just going to put me in economical pressure. I may even have to raise taxes and that just wouldn't go well."

"Old man has a point. You saw what happened when he did it to me."

"We should multilaterally disarm. That way it's fair."

"Нет. What's the point of getting rid of the power we built, and I don't trust all of you to do so."

"None of you trust each other, that's one of the main reasons we have nukes anyway."

"There is no way I'm getting rid of them."

"Surprised you even came to this meeting. All you do is disagree with everyone and refuse to tell anyone of the things that even happen in your country."

"닥쳐*.(shut up)*"

"I don't even know what that means."

"Yeah you don't, because you're a patriotic idiot who is full of themselves!"

"You're just as patriotic as me!"

"These meetings don't get us anywhere."

"Israel has a point. I'm leaving."

"You can't just leave when you like!"

"But I can, and I am."

The country whom said that then stands up from their seat and

walks out the room.

"Unbelievable." The country who was yelling at them said and threw their arms up.

"Quite."

"It's not like North Korea is important in this anyway. He is a small country and has the least amount of nuclear weapons. If I wanted to, I could take him out right now."

"America, that is not the attitude to ha—"

"You 암캐*(bitch)*!" The country who had left shouts from the doorway of the room.

"You weren't—"

"What? I wasn't supposed to hear that? Well I did. You have a big mouth for someone who could just as easily be taken out."

"Oh, please. I have so many more nukes than you. You have what? 40? I have 6000+ dumbass. Do the calculations before shouting accusations—hey that rhymed."

"I am so fed up of all of you!" The country in the doorway shouts much louder than they were before.

"North, what is that?" A country says, causing all the other countries to confusedly look at the doorway country in an attempt to spot what the country whom had spoken had.

"Good eyes on you, let's see if you have good persuasion, too. Give me one good reason I shouldn't press this button and end these dumb meetings forever." The country in the doorway says holding up a small object in their hand.

All the countries in the room stand up from their seats, but they all stand still not wanting to make the country in the doorway do a risky move.

"North Korea, I understand that you haven't been in the best state of

mind and these meetings are stressful to you, but this is unnecessary." A country says calmly.

"What's that supposed to mean? I'd be in my best state of mind if I pushed this button." The doorway country says and puts their thumb on the button as if ready to carry out the action.

"Comrade, don't—"

"Comrade, huh?... funny. I thought I had slightly good relationships with at least two countries in this room—they know who they are—but they've never said I'm their friend. Yet, when I hold the threat of blowing this place up, I'm suddenly a comrade."

"North, this isn't a small building. If you were to push that button—"

"A lot of damage would be done and yet wouldn't even reach this floor, yeah I know, but I don't really care I just want to take my anger out and destroy something. Oh and, you don't know what bomb I'm using, this could be to set off one that will destroy the entire building. That's the whole point of these weapons. Heh, always arguing that we need to get rid of them somehow, yet you wouldn't. Maybe if you had, this wouldn't of happened." After the country says that they push the button.

It's a panic situation. The country in the doorway quickly shuts it and does some trickery to lock it before running to leave the building before the weapon goes off.

It seems it had a timer for at least a chance to escape. How convenient.

"North Korea, open this door!" The countries shout as they shake it to get out the room.

"Move out the way." One country shouts and the others do so, willing to let any attempt happen as the main goal is getting out of the room.

The country to of last spoken then begins kicking at the door, trying to open it with force. The kicking seems to be painful for the country.

"You can't do that. You've got an injured leg." A country says trying to stop the one kicking the door.

"It doesn't matter, we just need to get out." The country says, pushing back the other country and continuing to kick the door.

They eventually kick it open with a strained grunt before falling to the side, out of the countries way, as some begin to rush out.

"America, I told you not to do that." A country says, kneeling on the floor next to the country who kicked the door open.

"You two need to move it." A country says from behind the two on the floor.

The two countries on the floor look behind them to see another two countries standing there, the others seemed to have already run out the room.

"So do you two." The kneeling country says.

"He has a good point, Russia, why are we waiting again, can you please tell me?"

"Oh, shut it China, you know why."

"Come on, son." The kneeling country says to the injured one.

"Son?" They question, as the kneeling one pulls them up so they are now both standing.

"Well, not biologically, but you were my colony and I sometimes see my colonies as my children, though that makes me a considerably horrible father."

"Can you two please hurry, this bomb will hit soon—And we have no idea if it's nuclear or not."

"It won't be nuclear if that country has a brain. The force and heat is much stronger and the nuclear fallout would still hit him no matter how far he ran."

"Okay smartass, I didn't really ask but I suppose that gives me a more optimistic look on what the weapon which if we don't move right now will kill us is."

"It's not going to kill us, at least not straight away. And okay, moving now, but America is injured so give me a break with your harshness."

"Yeah, give him a break, Russia. He's old."

"That input wasn't helpful, America."

"For fucks sake, will all three of you just leave already cause I'm not waiting any longer."

"Alright we're walking out now no need to give attitude... Winnie the Pooh lookin-ass."

"I will slit your throat."

"Okay, jeez, sorry."

The countries begin walking out, going at a slow pace due to the injured leg of another.

"You're too slow with him, if you don't pick up the pace we're screwed."

"Well how about *you* try carrying him along."

"Fine, I will."

"No, I don't want to go with him." The injured country complains as they are passed to another country for support instead.

"Life isn't fair, now shut up and keep moving."

Unfortunately for them, they were too late with the time.

The bomb struck the top of the building. It seemed to have been placed there already; before the present day even. It was like the country to of set it off had this planned.

Luckily, the countries were on a low floor, as had already been said, so the full explosion did not reach them but it sent vibrations through the building structure and the force was enough to stop them from walking to make sure they don't fall over. They were on the stairs when the bomb exploded at the top.

Very, very unlucky, the force seemed to have more of an effect on a particular side of the building. The side with the stairs.
One of the countries looks up at the ceiling and quickly shouts.

"The ceiling is falling above the stairs! Move! Now!"

It was an instant reaction. Two countries continued to run down the stairs to the lower floor, where as two others went back up the stairs to the floor they were just on, as that was the closer one to them.

Part of the ceiling crumbles and falls down, hitting the staircase and ensuing them to break and crumble, as if dominos but going downwards. The pairs of countries watch as the staircase is destroyed, breathing heavily from the adrenaline and moving backwards as cracks in the floor extend towards them but soon stop.

"I knew we wasted too much time... fuck."

Doing something different with the translations this time—people whom came from Breaking Away will be thankful to hear that.
And, as always, I apologise for any mistakes. I'm stuck with google translate and only knowing English and a tiny bit of French.

Anyway...

New story!
Hope it seems interesting enough from the first paragraph, much longer ones to come.

I feel it doesn't quite makes sense already but... it's fiction, so screw it.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1838

Chapter 2

[image]

The building was still crumbling in unsteadiness but the worst seemed to of past.

One of the countries that had ran back up the building went to walk to the edge but was quickly pulled back by the other country whom had ran up with them.

"You can't go to the edge. It's unsteady and will most likely fall apart under more pressure from weight." The country says.

"Do you have to always be so smart." The other country complains.

"I'm not being smart. I'm using my eyes and placing two and two together with general knowledge to understand that it would be a dumb move to go to where there are a bunch of cracks in the floor which is also slightly tilted downwards." Replies the country who then lets go of the other.

The other country huffs annoyedly and pushes the former country away in response.

"Of all the countries to get stuck with... just had to be the Russian Federation." The country who had been pushed away muttered.

"Would of thought someone as old as you would of had time to develop better manners." Russian Federation responds. "And it's just Russia."

"I'm not that old!" The other country says, seemingly fed up of this comment.

"But you are." Russia responds.

"Can you see why I'm just *so happy* to be stuck with *you* now?" The other country says sarcastically.

"Don't know what you mean, I'm stoked to be stuck with England."

"It's UK! Dammit! The United Kingdom! The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland! *U. K.*" UK yells.

"Jeez, if I had known you would of had that reaction I would of just called you Wales." Russia says.

"This day is just horrible." UK says, and goes to lean against one of the walls, but goes against it fearing the stability of the structure of the building.

"My day could of been worse. I could of been stuck with that American." Russia says to UK.

UK looks towards Russia with an unimpressed expression before sighing and changing to an almost sorrowful expression.

"I know what you mean... That boy... is something else I tell ya. That's why I'm worried for him—and was the reason I came to these stupid meetings. I want to make sure everything would be safe. He can just be so reckless." UK says but comes to a stop. "I'm just talking too much now."

"You got sad fast." Russia says, feeling a bit awkward.

"Heh... Lots of things are happening and I just didn't need this," UK says, not making eye contact with Russia.

"Especially with you." He adds on remembering the fact that they're not the best of friends.

They could even be considered as enemies.

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"It's sarcasm, you idiot." The other country angrily responds.

"I'm not an idiot." The injured country says.

The other country, unimpressed, glances from head to toe of the injured country before looking at them in the eyes.

"Your actions say otherwise." They say.

"Give me a break, China. You always pick on me." The injured country says.

"Did you literally forget the fact that you called me Winnie the fucking Pooh not even that long ago?" China says annoyedly.

"I didn't call you Winnie the *fucking* Pooh. I just called you Winnie *the* Pooh." The injured country says, knowing fine well what they're doing.

"This is just deliberate, isn't it?"

"Yup!" The injured country says cheerfully.

"Remind me to put 'America' at the top of my death list when I get out of this place."

"Why would I remind you to do something like that? And wasn't I already at the top?" America asks.

"I am going to strangle you." China says with clenched fists.

"Go ahead. Just don't be surprised if your entire country gets bombed because that's 'the American way' apparently. Gotta hate stereotypes."

"You stereotype me all the time!" China yells at America.

"..... Gotta hate American stereotypes."

"Of course that bomb couldn't of killed me, I'm just going to die from having to listen to you instead."

"That was harsh." America says, putting on an act of being hurt.

"Yep. Going to die." China says turning away from the American and putting their head in their hands.

There is silence between the two countries.

"How are we going to get out of here?" America asks China.

China looks towards him.

"Beats me. I suppose we just wait for rescue." China says.

"Won't the... won't the building just crumble, though?" America asks quite worriedly.

"If it were, we would most likely know—at least I think—and I'm 80% certain the building won't crumble." China says.

"What about the 20%?" America asks.

"You ask too many questions." China says annoyedly.

"Well I'm sorry that I'm worrying for the probability of this building falling apart and crushing us." America says.

China doesn't respond, just turning away from America.

"Speaking of us, where are the other two?" America questions while looking around. "Don't tell me they were crushed!" He worriedly yells as he stares at the destroyed stairwell.

"I wouldn't think two countries such as them would be crushed, they're fast enough and it was UK that spotted the collapsing ceiling so he would of gotten a head start." China says. "But we should try to see if we can contact them, just to make sure."

"How are we gonna do that?" America asks.

"Hitting above us." China says looking around for something.

"What?" America asks confused.

"They would be above us, right? So if we were to contact them it would be above us."

"Oh, I understand." America says.

He slowly stands up. He stumbles a bit with a quiet hiss of pain, before balancing on his non-bad leg.

"How did you even injure your leg?" China asks America, as he amusedly watches the country struggle to stand.

"Well, I, Uh... it's kind of embarrassing." America says to China with a nervous smile.

China raises an eyebrow.

"Can't be any worse from what I've already seen of you." China pressures for an answer.

"Fine..." America says begrudgingly. "I was making sure my military was getting on fine, y'know. Gotta make sure the strongest military in the world stays the strongest,"

China rolls his eyes.

"As I was checking about, I didn't know I was somewhere I shouldn't of been and I stepped on a land mine."

"Wouldn't you be dead?" China asks in disbelief but with a joyful smile as he thinks of America's stupidity to of stepped on a land mine.

"I'm a country. The most powerful at that." America says. "That's the downside of being the most powerful, I suppose. It's kind of hard to kill me."

"How is that a downside?" China asks, confused.

"Some days, such as this, I think 'damn, would of been easier if that bomb just would of taken me out'..." America says.

He looks to China to see the most strangest look he's ever been given.

"... There might be something wrong with me." He says in response

of the look.

"Yeah, there might be." China laughs.

"Let's just look for something to contact the others." America says.

China nods his head and they both begin searching the floor they're on.

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that they were just standing on the other side of it, having already exited ages ago."

"Okay. Fine."

With that conversation ended, the 5 countries to have left the building search around it, all apart from one in hope of finding the four missing countries.

But to no avail.

"I told you it was ridiculous." France says to former country she had been talking to. "We've searched for almost an hour, going other places multiple times, to find nothing."

"It was pretty pointless, but now we've got the reassurance of knowing that they are 100% in the building." The other country says.

"The building that was just bombed!" France shouts.

"This is very entertaining." The country who pushed the detonator says, watching the two talking countries.

"Shut up, you will meet your karma soon." France says in annoyance to the country.

"Sure." The former country says, as if not caring.

"Let's start to see how we're going to get those countries out of this building."

Wow, the title makes sense now!

Might of not picked the best countries considered as enemies, and it's really a two and two of a group of four—if that makes sense.

Anyway
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1653

Chapter 3

[image]

"What should we do?" Russia asks UK.

"I'm not quite sure." Uk responds.

There is silence as the two think about their options.

"Are you not worried about the other two?" Russia questions.

"They can look after themselves, I'm sure... I hope." Uk answers. "Why, are you?"

"Not in the slightest." Russia responds.

"Then why did you ask me?"

"To see if I could pick on you for it."

UK stares at Russia with a look of annoyance, to which Russia smiles.

"Do you pick on Scotland?" UK asks Russia.

"What?" Russia says, not quite catching on to what UK means.

"You seem to fly by in your planes a lot near Scotland. Do you pick on her?"
(*Yes Breaking Away people. My HC's on the countries have changed a whole lot (as I said) and I now see Scotland as a female. Wowzers*)

"Oh, not this again..." Russia mutters.

"You do it incessantly. What's so fascinating about it?" UK continues to pester.

"Some fancy words, don't need to be used." Responded Russia. "Do

you hear that?" Russia asks suddenly, looking around the hall and through some of the open doorways.

"Don't try to change the subject—"

"I'm not. Do you hear that or are you becoming death from old age." Russia cuts off UK.

"I'm not that old..." UK mumbles grumpily before listening for whatever Russia hears. "Yes, I do hear it. It's a banging sound."

"Coming from the floor." Russia adds, nodding his head in agreement of UK's judgement of the sound.

The two listen to the sound.

"At that spot." UK says, pointing further down the hallway.

The two countries both walk over to the spot.

Indeed, a banging sound could be heard emitting from below.

With the sound ceasing to stop, Russia stomps his foot hard on the floor.

The banging soon stops.

"Is it the others? It certainly wouldn't be the bomb. I would be under the impression that the building would be collapsing if that was meant to be the bomb." UK questions to Russia.

"I do not know." Russia says with a shrug.

Then a very muffled 'Can you hear us?!' Is heard below from the spot the banging sound was coming from.

"It is them." UK says.

"Yes!" Russia shouts.

It is just the same muffled reply of 'Can you hear us?!'

"Seems like we can hear them, but they can't hear us." UK mumbles.

"Yep..." Russia says.

He takes in a deep breath and bellows.

"WE CAN!"

UK takes a step back from the sudden raise in volume. He's never heard Russia shout so loudly before.

Russia is a country that seems to despise almost everyone. He only gets along well with very few countries. Due to this factor of never caring, he doesn't care to speak loudly and his volume remains to that of careless mumbling. If you were to ask him to repeat something, he would repeat it at an even lower pitch.

A muffled 'Nice!' Is the response.

"It's the American talking." Russia responds to that.

'Were any of you injured!" The muffled voice speaks again.

"NO!" Russia shouts back.

UK stands in the back with his hands over his ears.

'*If he keeps on shouting, I certainly am going to go death'* he thinks to himself.

"Maybe if you crouched down on the floor, you wouldn't have to shout so loud." UK suggests, for the protection of his ears.

"Why?" Russia asks UK with a tilted head.

"You've got a booming voice on ya, mate." UK says honestly.

"That's the most un-poshest I've ever heard you." Russia says in almost astonishment.

"If I could speak like that all the time, I would. But I've made a reputation of myself now and it helps me keep influence—sounding smart an' all."

"That's why I've never bothered sounding posh for anyone." Russia

says.

"Yes, you say that like it isn't obvious." UK says in an almost unimpressed tone.

'FOR THE LAST TIME! CAN YOU ANSWER THE QUESTION?!' Is heard almost erupting from the floor.

"Ah, we forgot about them..." UK says quietly.

"WE NEVER HEARD THE QUESTION!" Russia continues to shout.

"Bloody hell..." UK mutters as he holds his hands to his ears again.

'How are we gonna get out of here?!' The muffled voice speaks back.

Russia looks to UK.
UK shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

"WE DON'T KNOW!" Russia yells.

'I guess we'll just have to see what happens!' The voice yells back.

"Yeah!" Russia shouts quieter, but still quite loud.

'We'll talk again later! For now we'll keep searching for a way out!'

"ALRIGHT!" Russia yells again.

Russia turns away from the ground in which he had been shouting at to face UK, and sees him with his hands still over his ears with yet another unimpressed look.

"Too loud for you to handle?" Russia asks.

"Very much so." UK says in one of the most annoyed sounding voices ever.

"Good." Russia says with a smug smile.

"Why you... I asked you in the kindest way possible to change it so you wouldn't have to shout and you just did nothing." UK

complains.

"Isn't that what I usually do when you ask something of me?" Russia says.

"Ha, yeah... you don't like orders from others, do you?" Said UK.

"Not at all." Russia responds.

"We should look for a way out like the other two." Said UK.

Russia nods his head and instantly walks into the closest room and heads straight for the window.

UK follows after, just wanting to keep one eye on the Russian the whole time. Even though he kind of wanted to, he didn't trust him. Come to think of it, UK doesn't trust anyone fully. There's always that small bit of distrust, even if it isn't visible.

Russia attempts to open the window and to his luck it opens easily, lifting up for him to look out of.

"Is too high to jump." Russia says as he looks down at the ground.

"Yes, I figured." UK said.

"Oh, really?" Russia says sarcastically.

Russia looks back out the window.

"Well would you look at that." He says having spotted something.

"What's caught your eye?" UK says as he tries to see over the Russian.

Russia moves out of the way just the slightest for UK to also be able to peer out the window.

"Oh..." UK says, as he spots what Russia spotted. "Well I suppose we know they got out the building."

"Should we try to get their attention?" Russia asks UK.

"No." UK responds quickly.

He doesn't quite want to have to hear Russia shouting at the top of his lungs. He'd have to shout even louder for the countries below them outside to hear.

Plus, he doesn't trust those countries. Which sucks, really, because they would offer good help, but UK's distrust is greater than his trust, and that's a winning factor for him.

"Okay, well, what do we do?" Russia asks.

"Nothing. Ignore them. Our priority is to get out—"

"Could they not help?" Russia interrupts.

"Well... yes... but they shall be option two. I don't quite want them to be option one."

"Why? You don't trust them?" Russia pesters.

"It's not like you trust them anymore than I do." UK says sternly.

"I guess that's true, but you're much closer to them than I am on relationship status."

"Also true. But I have the inability to trust anyone fully."

"How so?" Russia questions.

UK turns away, staying silent.

"You ask too many questions." He mutters before walking off to presumably find option one of their escape.

Russia watches as he leaves.

"Curious country." He mumbles.

The countries need to hurry.

The building structure won't last for long.

The architecture was good enough for the building to be strong, but it isn't immortally strong.
It has been designed in such a unique way, the damage appears to be slowly crawling down. Like a snake with its pray. Slithering slowly, silently, down until it will eventually strike and destroy the building with its sharp cracks; and crush the unknowing countries within...

Another chapter, how enjoyable.

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1369

Chapter 4

[image]

"My throat hurts after that." America complains.

"You're the one that decided to scream your questions to them." China mutters.

They're searching the rooms of the hall they're in like the other two countries above them.

"Are you sure the building won't collapse?" America questions China again.

The American country kept on asking this question over and over only to receive the same answer each time and it was beginning to really annoy China.

"Look," China began. "I am not sure. I'm not some genius—"

"But—"

"Don't interrupt me," China says angrily before continuing. "I can't tell if the building will collapse or not and I'd like to think not. If you continue to ask me that question, however, I will purposefully make sure this building will fall down. So please, *shut up*."

America wanted to be smart and talk back but goes against it, just remaining silent.

Truthfully, he's terrified that the building will collapse.

So scared he'd actually like UK to be with him right now. He might not be his biological father and they might of had some... hard times, but he's starting to accept UK as a parental figure in his life. They do get on surprisingly well, and he wants that comfort right now.

But he also feels he is unable to want it. He is the strongest, he should be the bravest; he can't be weak, he can't be scared. This is the mindset he gets stuck in.

The two countries continue to search but are left frozen when a shaking vibration is sent throughout the building.

America begins to take deep breaths whilst China looks around in an attempt of understanding the cause behind the shaking.

"Well it appears the building is in fact: unstable." China says.

"Y-yeah." America responds and curses himself in his head for stuttering.

China, however, decides not to pick on the country for the stutter, only for the reason that he'll know it'll backfire—him guessing the Americans response would be to make fun of his accent. It would only really be done to add balance to an argument on both sides, but it still angered China to a high extent and he didn't really need that right now.

China decided to go into one of the rooms in the hall to look out a window.

As he looks down he sees the main entrance to the building with there also being the other countries standing there.

"What are they doing?" He mutters to himself.

He's then pushed out of the way of the window as America goes to look out as well.

"Hey!" China shouts.

"I have an injured leg."

"How does that give reason to anything?"

"A squared, plus B squared, equals C squared."

"Wh...what?"

"Pythagorean Theorem, dumbass."

"..."

"..."

"... I really hate you."

"I figured."

America proceeds to also look down.

"Hey!" He randomly shouts down at the countries.

To his luck—and very loud voice—the countries below all looked up as he managed to grab their attention.

"America! You're alright!" One country shouts up to him.

"Yeah! We all are!" America shouts back.

"I'm gonna go." China says to America before leaving the room, not wanting to have to listen to more of America's shouting.

"What are y'all doing?!" America continues to shout.

"We were going to try and help you all out but the stairs have collapsed all the way down, blocking us from going up *and* going in." A different country shouts this time.

"We're trying to find a way out now!" America shouts.

"Okay!" A country below responds. "We'll be trying as well!"

"Great!" America says happily before adding on something else. "North Korea, when I get out of here you better damn run!"

The country named doesn't respond. Just standing staring back at America with their arms folded with a look that America can only guess from where he is means something that would annoy him, he can't see it though.

"Well, see ya then!" America says before leaning back from the

window.

"Back to searching..." he mutters. "I'm too tired for this... and my leg hurts..."

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"Hm, well maybe you should just try more." Russia says.

"I am fluent in six languages,—almost seven—and am decent in a few others, I think I can take a break on what I'd like to learn." UK responds.

"It's not my fault you picked some of the least spoken languages to learn, and I know quite a lot of languages, as well." Russia says in defence.

"Let's just... both agree that languages can be difficult." UK says.

They stare at each other a bit before Russia finally says,

"Sure."

UK smiles tiredly.

"First time we've agreed on something in a while."

"First time you've smiled at me." Russia responds.

"Let's take a break, then figure out something, I think the broken staircase might be the best option. Do some James Bond spy stuff—scaling down the walls and that." Said UK.

"Sounds good, maybe I'll then live up to the title of being A Russian Spy." Replies Russia.

"Ah, that must get annoying, huh?" Uk says.

"Quite." Russia responds. "But I know you know how it feels, you're an *Old Man* after all."

UK shakes his head at the joke, but takes it more lightly than other times.

"Yep. I definitely know how it feels." He says.

"Guess we have that in common." Said Russia. "Here I was thinking the only thing we had in common was that we had nothing in common."

"Ehh, that's a statement that could easily be put down, especially by America." Said UK.

"Yeah, that's true."

There is a silence.

In all honesty, the two countries didn't know what to talk about. It felt extremely awkward to try to talk to each other about anything when they've only ever really gotten as far as arguing about something. Disagreement was a huge part between the two countries, but they could at least both agree now: they never really tried to get along, and maybe if they did, well, they might not of even been in the situation they're in right now.

"Wanna just sit and, well... I guess talk?" UK says in an unsure tone.

"Nothing else to do." Russia says with a shrug.

They both sit down on the floor leaning against the wall. They could of just walked into a nearby room with seats, but oh well, sitting on the floor was quicker.

"How can you even put up with US?" Russia asks UK.

UK sighs and shakes his head.

"How do I put up with anything? I've always had to deal with relationships like him and me—that's not a romance thing, that would be unsettling, it's just called a relationship but that doesn't mean romance... I shouldn't have to explain this, but I do this when I'm nervous. Sorry, god that must sound super weird." UK Said at quite a raising speed.

"You get nervous easily and I know what you meant." Said Russia, "and you've had other relationships with countries like you and him?" Russia asks curiously.

"Well, I've been the guardian figure for my four countries—used to be five, but you know what happened there—and they are awfully peculiar, and how we see each other chops and changes all the time. I developed a relationship with Scotland once like I have

America, sometimes even England can be like it—but that never really lasts long. They're all rebellious and all... to put it simply, wild and lively." UK said, "I do feel the way they react to me is how I have built myself to appear, I have a lot of regret because of that. A lot of people act coldly towards me because I was ... pretty horrible, to be fully honest. I'm scared to be anything that isn't of expectations. I wear a suit all the time cause I'm expected to; I talk posh all the time cause I'm expected to, and that's how I get on. But anyway, I'm kind of rambling, And I still see my countries as my weird family."

Nothing else is said after that as Russia tries to process that UK genuinely told him something about himself, for once.

"You seem to have a lot of experience with different personalities." Is the only thing Russia can think to say.

He doesn't want to quite get onto the subject of UK's pressure of his 'expectations'

"Yeah, I do." UK said, "Now it's your turn." UK continues, "I opened up a bit, now you do the same."

"Don't make me—"

"No excuses."

Russia stares annoyedly at UK and UK stares annoyedly back.

"Fine." Russia eventually gives in. "I don't like speaking to others as I feel if I say anything wrong it'll be used against me. All the news and that always has something about me in it '*oh, look what the communist has said now, they're gonna nuke us all*'" Russia says mockingly while waving his hands, "Can't I just... say something without someone using it against me? Can I talk without people bringing up one little bad thing I said or did ages ago? I feel it's impossible to make a mistake or fall under the line of what others expect me to say and that they're going to complain at me for it... but that's enough of that."

If anything, opening up may be one of the best things these two

countries could do to maybe make a start at not being enemies. It shows them both that they're willing to give a little trust away—and that earns trust in turn.

"Huh, seems we both struggle with expectations, another thing to add to the short list of things we have in common." UK says.

"Yeah." Agreed Russia, "I suppose it's nice to know I'm not the only one."

"It is always nice to know something like that." UK said.

The two countries seem to think of things but no more words are said.

"Right," UK says and slaps his knees, "I think that's break time over. Wanna come help me figure out how to get out of this place James Bond style?"

"Yeah." Russia says.

They both stand up before Russia pauses.

"Wait, does that make me the Russian accented villain?"

"Maybe, but I call dibs on James Bond if we're going to act this out."

"Let's just figure it out first." Russia says.

"Good plan." UK agrees.

Well, there's Russia and UK's majority featured slight character development chapter and next shall be China's and America's, why am I

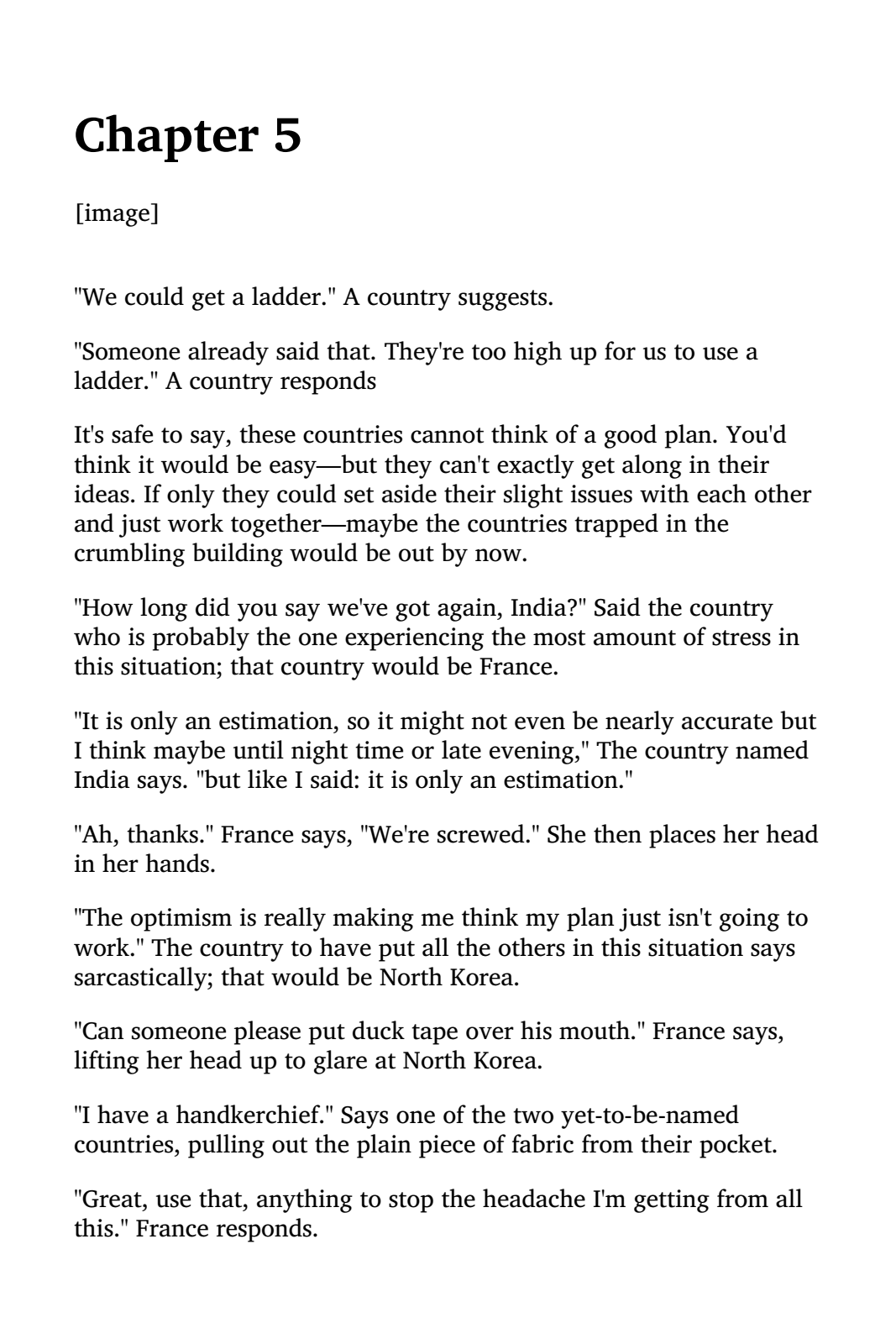
telling you this? Because I'm forgetful and when I look back to this chapter to continue the story I shall be reminded by this on what on Earth I'm doing and trying to accomplish with this book.

Anyway...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1973

Chapter 5



"We could get a ladder." A country suggests.

"Someone already said that. They're too high up for us to use a ladder." A country responds

It's safe to say, these countries cannot think of a good plan. You'd think it would be easy—but they can't exactly get along in their ideas. If only they could set aside their slight issues with each other and just work together—maybe the countries trapped in the crumbling building would be out by now.

"How long did you say we've got again, India?" Said the country who is probably the one experiencing the most amount of stress in this situation; that country would be France.

"It is only an estimation, so it might not even be nearly accurate but I think maybe until night time or late evening," The country named India says. "but like I said: it is only an estimation."

"Ah, thanks." France says, "We're screwed." She then places her head in her hands.

"The optimism is really making me think my plan just isn't going to work." The country to have put all the others in this situation says sarcastically; that would be North Korea.

"Can someone please put duck tape over his mouth." France says, lifting her head up to glare at North Korea.

"I have a handkerchief." Says one of the two yet-to-be-named countries, pulling out the plain piece of fabric from their pocket.

"Great, use that, anything to stop the headache I'm getting from all this." France responds.

The country with the handkerchief then goes to tie it round North Korea's mouth but North Korea obviously tried to avoid this from happening and a struggle forms between the two countries.

"Nope. Nope!" France shouts angrily, stopping the two fighting countries just from her shouts, "You two are just making my headache worse! Acting like children... some of—not even some of —*the* most powerful countries are trapped in that building!—mind UK, and don't tell him I said that. Do you not understand the outrage it would cause for that building to collapse with them in it; or them not get help in time?!"

All the countries just remain silent. What France said was very true and they hadn't really thought of all of that until this point.

"That was the—" North Korea goes to say but is instantly cut off by France, as if she was expecting for him to speak.

"Don't you dare finish whatever you were going to say! You know yourself that you will damn well be the blame for all of this and you're already looked down upon enough. Do you really want your brother to rise that much more in the spotlight of the 'better Korea'?"

North Korea just stares at France. He seemingly doesn't know what to say or what facial expression to show. And so he just annoyedly turns away from France to look at the ground, unwilling to admit the slight truth in her words.

"Thought so," France says towards North before turning to the other three countries there. "Now can we please come up with a plan to get the countries out of the building securely—please."

= = = =

like a puppy while balancing on the other, it taking all the pressure of his weight as he reached down—it was a tough balancing process and China was beginning to get annoyed by it.

China experiences emotions like everyone else, but it all leads to annoyance or anger. He doesn't quite seem to know how to express anything any other way. He may understand that he always seems to come off as angry most of the time but no one can really tell.

"US, just sit down or something. I don't want to see you do another weird ballerina balance thing." China says in a disinterested tone.

"Are you sure?" America asks, "I can still search fine—"

"I'm sure. It's distracting me from searching anyway."

"Okay then." America says unsurely and goes to sit down on an office chair.

He watches China carefully search the room. He feels quite impatient with the speed that China is searching at, can he not go any faster?

America becomes bored and decides to start a conversation to fix that.

"So, what are you going to do once we get out?"

China pauses for a second, thinking of a reply. He continues his search as he gives an answer.

"I'll say if you say."

"Well, I'm going to loose my mind at you-know-who. Like, for real? You're going to just explode the top of a meeting building??? Does he know how mad NATO is going to get at me. Anything NATO shouts at me at for, I'm shouting at him for." America drags on his answer.

"Sounds like something you would do." China comments, not really interested in America's answer.

It's silent for a bit, America waiting for China to answer only for nothing to be said. He soon realises China isn't going to give him an answer unless he asks.

"So... can you answer now?"

Again, there is a short silence and America is about to just give up in ever trying to start a conversation with China again when he finally says.

"I'm going to apologise."

America is confused by that answer.

"What?"

"I'm going to apologise." China says, looking towards America in hope of him actually understanding what he said this time.

"To who? For what?" America questions.

China sighs.

"To North, obviously. You know when he was going on about who he thought he could trust... yeah, that's me."

America has to think about that for a bit, playing his memory back to when North Korea went on his little rant in the doorway.

"Oh." America eventually mutters. "Really?" He asks, he can't seem to quite see why North needs apologising to.

"Yes. He sees me as pretty much his only close friend but I haven't *really* treated him like that. A bit, but not like how he's seen other friendships between countries." China says, and he soon adds on in a harsh attitude, "Loneliness has an affect on people, America, not everyone has a bright spotlight shining on them with all the attention of the world. At least not always in a positive way."

This added on comment angered America and he couldn't stop himself from speaking up to it.

"You think I'm grateful for all the attention I get? Would you be grateful if you couldn't do anything without someone commenting on it, without someone disagreeing and ranting about how awful you are. Would you be grateful if you couldn't go anywhere without being asked stupid political questions all the time about things that you can only give an answer which will be discredited. End up on the news all the time saying how horrible you are, made fun of and are just expected to walk it off with no mental harm. Would you be grateful? ... would you... It's... I don't know why I try to be good when it's clearly impossible to be..."

And to that, there is only silence. Quite a piercingly loud silence. It feels a lengthy silence, but isn't as long as it seems to be to the two countries. But almost every silence is broken at some point,

"There are bad people; and there are good people. There are bad days; and there are good days. To every villain there is a hero; and to every hero there is a villain. Everyone is bad. Everyone is good. There is bad in good; and there is good in bad. That is Yin and Yang."

China paused his searching to say that, but didn't look towards America for the whole thing. America, however, looked towards China, quite shaken by the words.

"That's really true..." America muttered in comment.

"You see it with every country." China responds. "So it is a good message to understand, especially when the bad half can feel overwhelming."

"Yeah..." America says, he pauses before also saying, "Thanks."

"No problem." China says and he stands up, holding something in hand.

"What have you found?" America asks eagerly.

"Some rope. A lot of it. Don't know why we have it, but we do. I want to see if it can reach the ground, if so, we can climb down it and get out of here."

"That's great!" America exclaims, excited to have finally found something helpful.

A very opposite reaction to China who has a completely blank, and calm expression. But truthfully, he is happy to have some slight hope of maybe getting out of the building.

"So, how are we going to test that it'll reach the ground?" America asks.

"Throw it out the window." China responds.

"Won't it... won't it just fall down to the ground? Y'know, 'cause of gravity?" America questions confusedly.

"No, I mean throw one end out the window while holding onto the opposite end still, to see if it reaches the ground or not." China says.

"Ohh, I see." America says, "Ambiguity." America adds on with a slight smile, he likes to feel smart with small comments—this one being a literary term for when a statement has two possible meanings. It doesn't *quite* fit with China's statement, but he's trying at least.

"Sure." China says. "Now let's test this."

China leads the way as they walk to a window and open it. China holds onto one end of the rope and holds the other end outside of the window.

"Let's hope this works." He mutters before dropping the end of the rope.

It falls far, getting quite close to the ground floor (first floor), but..... not far enough.

It sways in the air, not nearly enough close to the ground.

"Damnit." China mutters angrily under his breath.

America stares out the window at the rope dismally.

"... What are we gonna do now? We're back to square one..."

Sorry for the wait on this one!
It shall be the Christmas Holidays soon, so hopefully by then I'll be writing a whole lot more often with the time I'll have—at least, I hope I'll have time.

Seems like yet another problem befalls our trapped countries. China and America won't be James Bond style leaving the building this chapter, that's for sure.

Anyway...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1787

Chapter 6

[image]

"So, how exactly are we 'James Bond style' leaving the building?" Russia asks UK.

"Well..." UK begins but pauses, "I haven't thought it through and if you complain about how I should be smart because I'm 'old' and should be wise: I will throw you out the window and blame it on you testing if you could survive the jump."

"Well that escalated." Russia responds.

"Mhmm." UK hums.

He then walks towards near the end of the hallway where the staircase had collapsed and the floor of the hall was now leaning downwards.

"I wonder if we move carefully enough, well, maybe just one person at a time would be better, but maybe it could take the weight." UK says in thought while analysing the cracked floor.

"I don't think that will work." Russia says.

"Try to be more... optimistic." UK finds the word.

"Free skydiving."

"That is... not quite what I meant."

UK thinks for a bit more about the plan while Russia waits for him to come up with the ideas because he doesn't really want to right now.

"Maybe if we got the others to be there... no... uh... this is more difficult with barely anything to work with. And I'm in a suit of all things." UK complains.

"At least you'll die in style." Russia says optimistically.

Tired of everything at this point, UK lets out a small laugh at the joke, but only a short one.

"I've still got years on me yet," He says, he then looks to Russia with the usual annoyed look he presents to most countries. "Because I'm. Not. That. Old."

"You're going to drum that into me until we leave this building." Russia says in response.

"That's one of the most optimistic things you've said so far." UK comments.

There is a moment of silence.

"So, are you going to try and walk along there. You're smaller than me so you would be lighter." Russia says to UK.

UK sighs.
"You just called me short, didn't you?"

"In a way... Yes, I definitely did."

"Well, if I die, I blame it on you. If you don't want the blame—I recommend you start thinking on who to shift it on to." UK says towards Russia before looking back to the cracked floor.

"God save the Queen, this time God save me." UK mutters before taking slow steps onto the unsafe-looking floor.

He takes two steps with nothing happening and it helps his confidence to say the least.

He takes another slow step forward and this time the floor cracks a little and UK freezes entirely, waiting for at any moment to fall through the floor.

Nothing.

"I swear to God, Russia, you better be ready to catch me." UK says

to Russia, now wanting the reassurance that if the floor is to fall Russia might be able to save him.

"Swear to God, huh? God's not saving you now." Russia jokes.

"Because this is a brilliant time to be telling jokes." UK says sarcastically.

Russia doesn't reply and UK takes another step and thankfully there is no crack.

"Wait, what are you going to do if you make it all the way?" Russia asks.

"Well, you'll see if I do, and you will have to copy." UK responds and takes yet another slow step. No crack.

"I don't want to walk on that, it seems like a bad idea." Russia says.

UK looks to Russia, unimpressed.

He sighs, thinking of a response and then finally coming up with one.

"Think of it like playing Russian Roulette—you've played that before, right? This is not much different, each step is like firing the gun and seeing if you live to take another step or not."

"Sounds fun." Russia says, "Think you could hurry up so it can be my turn? I'm killing for some tension right now."

"That was a change of opinion, and if this isn't tense enough." UK mutters through gritted teeth and takes another step.

This time there is another crack sound and the crack itself is visible as it forms under UK's foot.

"Just divine." UK says, looking at the crack. "This will take too long, I'm just going to see if I can take a larger step and get closer to the edge." UK says to Russia.

"Okay?" Russia says questioningly, not quite sure why he needs to

know this information.

"I'm over-explaining because I'm nervous." UK says.

He then takes a much further step forward as near the edge as he could. He tries to do it slowly but gravity appears to be quite the problem and he struggles to go as slow as he likes, ensuing the stone floor in front of him to crumble slightly. It panics UK but he's not going to move unless the whole floor begins to fall down and thankfully it doesn't.

UK lets out a huge sigh of relief.

"I honestly thought you were going to fall down." Russia says.

"It's good to be honest, but that doesn't mean you have to say anything." UK says.

"Okay. Just do the thingy you said you were going to do when you got to the edge." Russia pressures.

"Alright, just let me think first because this isn't easy—I haven't done it in a while, after all—and there will only be one chance to do it." UK says.

Russia folds his arms impatiently but doesn't pressure UK any further.

"Okay..." UK says with an anxious sigh as he brings his other foot forward and crouches down.

Russia wonders what he's doing but watches, nonetheless. He is meant to imitate it as well when he goes along the cracked floor.

"Can't remember the last time I did this, but there are many old and broken ruins in my country and I like to climb them and see the amazing views," UK explains, "but to get down some of them I had to do this complicated trick—due to them having no stairs from being broken and worn down over time. I don't quite know how to explain it so, pay attention to this and we'll hope you can do it." UK says to Russia.

"I do need to explain one thing though," UK says to Russia, as he places his hands at the very edge of the cracked floor. "You're going to have to pay attention to where you're legs are and where you're landing when you jump down, you need to make sure you're balanced right otherwise you might fall forward, you've only got one chance. Got it?"

Russia stares at UK confusedly.

"I guess?" He says, the way UK explained that made him a bit nervous, it seemed like a lot and quite serious.

But UK is an old man, so what can he do that Russia can't do?

"Good." UK says.

(*This is fiction. Don't try this. UK said he was James Bond Style leaving, so he's James Bond Style leaving.)*

And with his hands resting on the stone floor ready to grip, UK goes head first forward and he loops round the hallway floor and by the time he lets go of the stone floor he lands down on the floor below.

UK prays that the floor will take his weight and to his luck there is nothing but a small crumble to which he quickly moves to the more solid looking ground.

"UK!"

UK hears Russia shout from above.

"I'm alright Russia! That was actually really fun!" UK shouts back with a small smile.

"UK?!"

The United Kingdom then turns around to see China and America staring back at him.

"Hello." He says simply.

"How did you get to this floor?" China asks.

"Well, I held on the edge of the floor up there and did this... spin thing that I do when climbing old ruins down onto this floor."

"But you're too old to do that??" America questions.

"I'm not that old USA. And by the time I'm really old I'll still be able to do that, just you watch." UK says coldly.

"Alright, I get it, but is Russia still up there? Or did he fall?"

"Russia's still up there."

"Oh come on. In the movies there's always got to be at least one casualty." America complains.

"US, you are the casualty, you are injured." China says in annoyance to America.

"Oh." America mutters.

"Now Russia just needs to make it down." UK says.

"Are you sure he'll be able to do that?" America asks UK.

"I believe he can," said UK, "If he paid attention, he should be able to."

"I did pay attention!" The three countries hear Russia shout, "You were right with it being like Russian Roulette."

"Ah, see, he's gotten as far as the edge, now he just needs to do the... spin thing... I don't know what to call it." UK says to America and China who look at him a bit confusedly after he said that.

They hadn't seen what UK had done to get down a floor, they were in one of the rooms in the hallway when they heard UK shouting to Russia, and they rushed out of the room to find UK standing there.

"Can you explain it again, maybe?" Russia asks nonchalantly to hide the fact that he is very much nervous.

"Uh, well you hold onto the edge so your thumbs are fully other

with the rest of your hand not, just so you can hold onto it... I wish I was good at explaining things... and, oh you need to be crouching down as well, but once that's done you just, roll forward like I did and be ready to hold onto the edge—and like I said before pay attention to where you're legs are and where you're landing when you jump down, you need to make sure you're balanced right otherwise you might fall forward, you've only got one chance."

"Right, Uh..." Russia mumbles, "here goes nothing."

Russia takes a deep breath in and rolls forward like he watched UK do. It is quite a terrifying moment but trying to make sense of what UK said—Russia understanding what UK was trying to explain now that he is executing the action—he finds himself landing down on the floor for it to begin to break underneath him.

Before he can fall down with the breaking floor, UK manages to pull him away to the safety of the stable ground.

All the countries watch the floor crumble down, waiting to see if it will continue further towards them but it thankfully does not.

Everyone takes a sigh of relief.

"Looks like you were the one catching me." Russia says to UK.

"Yeah, looks like I was." UK replies.

"I think that was a pretty well done James Bond Style move." said Russia.

"I think it was, too." UK said.

"Please don't make him start on the James Bond movies." USA complains.

"If it weren't for my determination to do a James Bond Style move, we wouldn't be talking face-to-face." said UK.

"He's got a point." China said to America, who gives an annoyed look towards him in turn.

"Now that we're together," China continues, "We can discuss how we are going to get out of this dammed building."

James Bond theme song starts playing

A successful mission to end the chapter on.

Excuse any errors in the chapter—I re-read it at the same time as watching Danganronpa, so I might of missed some mistakes.

I haven't got much else to say other than:

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1949

Chapter 7

[image]

"I agree, China, we should." said UK.

"Did you find anything useful for getting out of here?" America asks the two new countries to join this floor.

"No," said Russia, "Almost nothing at all."

"Yeah, same here." America sighs.

"Well, that's a great start." UK says sarcastically.

"We didn't need any sarcastic input." China mutters at UK.

"I didn't need you to give a comment." UK replies.

The two stare coldly at each other.

"Keep on staring at me and I'll bring up a topic for us to discuss, and you know what it'll be." UK says almost threateningly.

It seems almost out of character for UK but it's safe to assume he is tired of the current situation, wishing that everyone could just get along for once. After the hell ride he's been on throughout history, he's quite fed up of the tensions and arguing, always seeming to see the worst in each other and refusing to get along. And although threats themselves aren't nice, they seem to be one of the quicker ways to end things.

China says nothing but gives one final glare before looking away, not wanting to discuss anything on the subject of what UK will bring up.

"Friendly gathering." Russia comments. "Are you really sure there's nothing at all to help escape?" He asks in hope of a maybe positive answer, though he was viewing this situation in his head quite

pessimistically.

"We came close with some rope but it wasn't long enough to reach the ground." America says with a lack of motivation in his tone.

"That's annoying." Russia mumbles as he thinks. "Did you try it down the stairwell?" He eventually asks.

"No." America replies.

"That's a good idea, Russia." China says.

"What is?" America asks, clueless.

"Throwing the rope down the stairwell dumbass, I literally asked if you had done it." Russia explains annoyedly to America.

"But... gravity..." America mutters.

"USA, we're not going to throw the rope entirely down, we'll still be holding onto one end." UK says gently to America, showing he has a lot more patience for the country than the other two.

"Ohhh, that's what me and China did at the window, remember that China." America says with a smile and elbows China's arm jokingly.

"I do." China says in a dead-sounding voice, the opposite to America at this point. "Don't touch me again." China adds on with one of his usual heart-filled death glares.

"Okay, I won't, grumpy-pants." America responds.

To that nickname China death stares at America even more fiercely, Russia looks at the two in annoyance at the time they're wasting, and UK sighs and puts his head in his hand.

"If we can stop the glaring and test the rope down the stairwell," Russia interrupts the silence impatiently. "Hopefully the piled rubble at the bottom will have stacked high enough for the rope to reach."

"Ohh, that is a good idea." America responds. "Let's try it!" He

exclaims and goes to obtain the rope China had found that they left in the room after discovering it wasn't long enough to reach the ground.

Once he grabs the rope he rushes out of the room and continues to the edge of the broken hall floor, but is grabbed onto by his shirt before he can get near to the edge.

"Don't rush onto the edge, USA," UK says who was the one to grab onto America's shirt. "It's unstable and you might fall."

"Worrying for me, Old Man?" America responds with a cheeky smile.

"Just shut it and be careful." UK says, letting go of America's shirt, but is hesitant to.

America then careful steps towards the edge of the broken floor. He steps on the unstable looking ground, luckily to no cracking or crumbling.

The other three countries watch from afar, not wanting to add too much weight to the unstable floor.

"Remind me why he's the one testing the rope?" China asks.

"He was the first to get it, we didn't stop him and I realise your point, now." Russia responds.

"Try to have a bit more faith in him." UK says to the other two countries, even though he watches America feeling terrified, especially with how he limps along.

"It's USA." China responds unimpressed.

"Yeah," Russia agrees. "And it's not like you trust him that much either." He adds on at UK.

UK seems to freeze at that before looking a bit sorrowful and turns away from the two to look back at America without another word.

America arrives at the edge and grabs one end of the rope, ready to

throw the other.

With a deep breath and a prayer that it will reach the rubble, America drops one end of the rope down the stairwell.

It falls quickly, getting closer to the bottom of the stairwell. And when the rope reaches its full length, it just reaches the rubble, certainly close enough for the countries to reach with their height.

"Yes!!" America exclaims at the sight.

The other three countries sigh with relief and each bare a small smile from the fact that they have a way to now reach the ground.

"You can come back now, USA. Slowly and carefully." UK says.

"Right." America responds and begins to make his way along the cracked floor.

"You better not drop that rope." Russia says.

"I won't, I'm not that horribly clumsy." America responds, a bit offended.

"Oh, but you are." China comments.

"Shut up." America mumbles as he finally reaches the stable floor, he then begins to pull the rope back up from the edge.

"Good job." UK says to America.

America smiles at the words, he appreciates that he's at least getting some praise for walking on an unstable, crumbling floor with an injured leg. Come to think of it, why did he do that?

"Now we've got a way to get down, we just need to find something heavy enough to make sure the last person climbing down the rope won't fall with the weight balance." UK says.

"We've got many objects so it shouldn't be a problem finding something to balance the weight." China replies.

"Great. It's a foolproof, James-Bond-like, escape plan."

Welp, "tis winter holiday for five weeks (would be two but corona be changing things) so hopefully more chapters, but I cannot promise that as a certainty.

This also may very well become my shortest book yet—new achievement?

Anywho, hoped ya liked this chapter.
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1096

Chapter 8

[image]

The four countries worked together to set up their escape rope. One end of the rope was at the stable ground, as it was long enough to reach a point close to the ground from the stable hallway floor—something the countries were happy about, being uncertain wether the cracked floor would be able to support them as they would climb down.

They all managed to move two desks within rooms to support the weight for the last country that would climb down. But paranoid that that might not be enough—they added a few random but heavy-looking objects onto the desks—just for good measure.

US clapped his hands.

"We're good to go!" He said, "Who's going first?"

No one volunteered.

"Oh, come on, you guys will be fine—Me? I've got an injured leg remember. I'm probably the most likely to fall, so man up!... no, I don't like saying that... so women up!... no, not much difference... human up? ... erm, an equal term to all genders—up!" America stumbles on his words. It wasn't hard to tell that he was nervous with the whole speech he just went on.

"USA, you're right, but I think it is important to decide who will be the last one to go down, first." UK said gently to America, a different reaction to China and Russia who seem to be greatly unimpressed in America's 'encouragement talk.'

"Ah, yeah, that's a good point." America said, feeling a bit embarrassed only due to Russia and China's derogatory stares.

"We'll do process of elimination—and that will be down to weight

and ability." Uk said. "I think America should go second or third, due to his injury. He should be granted assistance when getting down, if you two are okay with that." UK adds on with a look to China and Russia that suggests if they disagree there will be a serious problem.

"That is fine." Russia says without much care.

"Alright," China says, suspiciously to UK, "Only if you go last." He adds on with the same look daring UK to disagree.

UK almost guessed as soon as China spoke he was going to bend his acceptance to an agreement benefiting him.

"I have no problem with that." UK says unfazed, much to China's disappointment who wanted a good reaction.

"But the probability of falling will be higher for the last country." America complains.

UK almost chuckles at America's complaining. He didn't much think America would care. So much so he found it comical.

"He agreed to it, I don't see why you're complaining." China says to America.

"Yeah, it's alright, US. The important thing is getting out, andto do that there will be risks for everyone." UK says to America.

America still doesn't agree but remains silent, not going to disagree any further.

"You'll be fine, stupid American." Russia says and ruffles America's hair.

"My hair..." America says sadly as he feels how Russia's messed it up.

"Let's get going, I don't want to be in this building much longer with all of you." China says with his usual annoyed expression.

"Alright, I go first." Russia says.

"You're alright with that?" China asks.

"I want to leave as much as you do." Russia says and he walks along the rope trail to the cracked floor.

The countries watch as he walks slowly along it.

"The floor may crack further as you go down. If parts of the floor are to crack off we shall warn you." UK says to Russia before he grabs the rope.

"Got it." Russia says to the countries.

"Good luck." America says.

And with that, Russia begins his descent down the rope.

He starts off at a slow pace, just to calm his nerves before he'll pick up speed and go faster down the rope.

He has climbed up and down ropes before—a child activity he did for exercise and fun. He climbed trees a lot as well, so his skill for climbing was quite good and he was confident the closer he got to the ground.

Eventually he did, jumping down from a certain height and landing safely on the the broken rubble of the fallen down staircase, no problem.

"Made it down!" He shouts up happily, due to his achievement, so the others know it's good to go.

Next would be America. He was quite scared due to his sore leg but he hoped that if he were to fall Russia would catch him. Although, that hope was very small as he can't really imagine Russia even attempting to catch him. He'd never do the trust fall with Russia—that would only be a guaranteed fall.

America made his way down, obtaining some rope burn. With his injured leg he was relying greatly on his hands for the friction to stop him from sliding down the rope, but he managed to do it, nonetheless.

He got to a certain point at the bottom where he could finally let go. He clung on to the rope quite worriedly.

"Russia, can you please catch me?" America asked ashamedly. He didn't want to have to ask a question like that but he was really dreading hitting the floor full force on his feet.

Russia sighs with a roll of his eyes.

"Fine." He mumbles and opens up his arms for America.

"Please, I'm generally trusting you right now—"

"Just jump already!" Russia shouts.

"Okay." America says as he lets go and falls.

And just as he asked, Russia catches him.

"Ah, thanks." America says to Russia who still holds him.

Russia only mumbles something incoherent and pushes America so he's standing up straight.

"Made it!" America then shouts up.

The second last of the two remaining countries then make their way to the rope on the cracked floor.

"See you there." UK says to China.

"See you." China says before beginning his climb down.

It goes as smoothly as the others, China making his way down speedily. And about halfway down his descent, the whole building begins to start crumbling.

= = = =

"You all thought it was one big bomb but it was many small ones," North Korea says contently, "I suppose some have only now just detonated or the building is finally giving into the fact that it is only half supported." He ponders.

"Oh my god..." the other country mutters despairingly.

"They're still in there!" Another country shouts, "and we haven't even done anything!" They sit down on the floor with their head in their hands in defeat.

"We tried climbing, ladders, going in the building, couldn't think of anyone to contact without getting in trouble and can't cooperate enough to think of any more ideas!..." a country mutters.

It seems they've given up. Their hope gone with the sight of the now slowly crumbling building...

Hey, hey, hey, sorry this chapter is a bit late but I hope it was at least enjoyable nonetheless.

'Tis truly getting interesting.
(I think I should stop using "tis' so much—)

Will the countries be able to James Bond Style™ escape the crumbling building?

Find out in the next chapter of Jazz's schewpid book series! (For certain reasons: this is a joke)

Anywho...
Stay Safe and...

Have A nice Life!

Word Count: 1242

Chapter 9

[image]

America was pulled back by Russia as he tried to climb back up the rope. America tried to struggle out of Russia's grip.

"Don't act. Think. China is still coming down, and UK can still figure something out." Russia said calmly.

"But... the..." America muttered, he didn't know what to say or how to act. In truth, he was scared.

"Just wait a bit more. The building isn't falling down yet." Said Russia.

"You don't know..." America said in a quiet tone, "everything can seem under control, and then... then....."

America became silent for a bit, and Russia was confused at his actions.

"The building is crumbling down, Russia. The building is crumbling down!" America began saying more panicked, "it can't! I don't want to be in this situation again...! no..."

"America, stay calm. If you panic, you only doom the situation more. Just... try to believe in China and UK." Said Russia, not really knowing what to say to calm down the panicked American.

"Fine. I'll try, it just... I don't even want to talk about it." America eventually mutters.

While this conversation happened, China picked up his pace when climbing down the rope. He decided to jump off the rope earlier and gamble with landing from a higher height, just to speed everything up. He didn't quite want to be crushed in this building after all.

He lets go of the rope, aiming to land at one of the flatter pieces of rubble.

He successfully lands. A bit shaky at first, but he finds his balance.

"Good job." Russia says to China, before proceeding to shout up so UK knows he can come down.

China gives a nod of appreciation to Russia before looking up to see if UK will be coming down.

He wasn't.
They continued to wait but UK wasn't appearing.

"Did he not hear you?" China asks Russia.

"I shouted louder," Russia questions himself, "he did seem to have sensitive hearing so maybe he didn't hear my voice over the pose of the crumbling. But I didn't think it was that loud."

"No..." America mumbles, "he has to of heard. He's coming down soon. No, no, no, no, no, no..." America continues to mumble.

China and Russia don't know what to do.

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UK walks back and forth quickly. He seems to have added weight to the pile securing the rope. It's meant to be the only thing supporting him, where as the others had had someone hold onto the rope for them. He did not have that privilege.

UK reaches a hand into his suit pocket and pulls out a pair of white gloves. They weren't made of a thick fabric, making it easier to carry out tasks like tying a shoe lace, and will still offer protection.

UK puts on the pair of gloves and very slowly walks along the crumbling hallway floor. It is certainly more unstable in this moment. As he walks along he says things out loud in a mocking voice:

"'Oh, UK, why do you always wear gloves?'

'Why are you wearing gloves?'
'they don't even compliment your look'
'they really clash with your look, why do you even wear them?'
'Why are you always trying to look so posh? Are you trying to imply that you're more wealthy? That's mean.'
'why?'
'why??'"

These are comments that always annoyed UK, and if anything, they were becoming his motivator to go down the rope.

With a deep breath in, he answers:

"Because when I need to slide down a rope in a crumbling building, I don't quite fancy getting rope burn."

And with that, he finally goes over the edge, clinging onto the rope with his his hands but with the right amount of strength in his grip that he slides down the rope at a faster speed.

At first, UK was terrified but after a while, he could say it's actually quite fun. Despite the fact that the building is crumbling and this is meant to be an escape, it was fun.

Of course, after a while, the hallway floor which the rope is at crumbles. Due to this, the rope suddenly obtains a lot of leeway, meaning UK, instead of sliding down, is falling down.

Unprepared for this, he begins to cling onto the rope desperately, but the rope is falling with him.

The rope eventually stops as the weight of the objects on the hallway floor holds it in place, and the leeway comes to an end. UK was not expecting the sudden stop and with his unpreparedness, looses grip of the rope.

To his luck, he doesn't fall as far down as he was dreading and lands down on the ground safely but it still hurts, he's landing on stone rubble after all.

"Ow..." Uk mutters as he slowly stands up.

"UK!" America shouts and rushes over.

"UK?" UK questions. "The names Britain, *Great* Britain." He says with a smile.

America pauses before shaking his head and smiling as well. He then hugs UK.

"I'll except the James Bond jokes this time." He says.

UK chuckles as he hugs back.

"That's sweet, but we need to get going." China says, "if you hadn't noticed, the building is becoming even more unstable by the second."

Sure enough the building felt like it was shaking, almost like an earthquake, well, entirely resembling an earthquake, but in an unusual way.

"It will be hard to navigate through the rubble, and we need to keep an eye out for falling debris." Russia observes.

"Yes, we need to all keep an eye out for each other when getting out of here." UK says as he takes off and puts away his ruined gloves. They did a good job of protecting his hands, at least.

"I'm fine with that. If we can get out of this building, I don't care who I'm assisting." China says.

All the countries agree on those words, and so they begin to carefully rush towards the exit.

The exit (normally, the entrance to the building) was located near them. Apparently the countries outside weren't able to get into the building due to the rubble, so there is a chance the door may be blocked.

However, this thought was unconsidered in the group of countries and they marched on through the rubble.

One country, who they agreed to be Russia, looked for falling

debris. He would device where a piece was falling and promptly warn whichever country might be hit by the debris.
China, who was in the front, checked to make sure the pathway ahead was stable and the rubble wouldn't crumble beneath them, so far that happened a lot and it left them in tricky situations when finding a path.
UK helped America along at difficult parts, which would be almost every part. He also tried to comfort America in the situation, as he seemed quite distressed and UK knew exactly the reason why.

All in all, the teamwork was working stupendously and they were making their way swiftly, despite them feeling it was taking forever.

As described, however, when they reached the doors, it was blocked. They were standing above it on the rubble.

"Dammit!" Russia exclaims.

"Quickly. Move the debris." UK commands. "America, keep watch for any falling pieces."

"O-Okay." America stutters, but watches vigilantly.

The other three countries begin moving rubble away from the doors, moving as quickly as they could.

"We'll make it out," Russia mutters, "we'll be fine."

"We will." China agrees.

"At this point, it's almost a definite we'll make it out." UK says.

"If we made it here, we're making it out." America also agrees.

And with more confidence in each others determination, they certainly will make it out.

The last piece of rubble required to move is finally thrown behind them.

"We did it." China says and begins prying at the door handles.

It won't open.

"But there's enough space, it should op-....." China pauses,

"it only opens one way and the small amount of rubble left is blocking it."

"Oh for heavens sake..." UK mumbles.

"I've always hated those doors." America comments.

"So have I," Russia says, "and I'm fed up of this situation. These doors are not being the thing to get us crushed in this building. We're not getting crushed at all!" Russia exclaims with a fiery anger and he begins to kick the doors.

On the first kick, one door comes splintering open.
He kicks at the other one and it too, comes splintering open.

"Now go!" Russia shouts and gestures for all the other countries to leave.

UK grabs America's hand and they head to the door.

"Thank you, Russia." UK says before he carefully goes through the broken doorway, helping America after.

"What UK said." China says to Russia and follows after them.

Russia smiles before leaving himself.

Finally, they were out of the building.

This could be the ending chapter, but there's going to be one more

chapter.

The countries have finally James Bond Style™ escaped the building!

Thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed, as of now, this is going to be the shortest book I've ever written.
I'm making it sound like it's the last chapter but I literally said there is going to be another chapter, and there is.

Anyway...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1561

Chapter 10

[image]

The four countries proceeded to run from the building. They didn't want to be near it for two reasons. One: because they were just plain done with it; Two: because they also fear it might entirely crumble.

(*I got that punctuation wrong but I'm done with punctuation after my English essay right now, so I'll correct it later, maybe*).

When they felt that they were far enough, they stopped running to take a breather.

"Finally." America said happily through his breaths.

Finally outside of the building. Out in the fresh air, which the countries didn't realise how much they needed, especially with the crumbling of the building practically polluting the air. Only China seemed to be the least effected by that while the others had been coughing quite a lot.
They felt that if they weren't to be crushed by debris they would suffocate.

The countries all exasperatedly laughed between some breaths, the fact that they are finally out of the building being a joyous moment.

As they finally regained their breath they could all see that the Sun was hanging low in the sky. They had been in that building for many hours considering it was a morning meeting they had arrived at the building for.

They also spotted the other four countries rushing towards them with another one trailing slowly behind.

"You're okay! You're all okay!" The country France shouted just as exasperatedly as the countries laughs before, "I thought you were

going to be crushed."

"I mean, we kind of did too." America said who was the first to which France rushed up to to make sure he was okay.

She remembers him hurting his leg before they ran, after all. It had plagued her with quite some guilt to realise they didn't try to help him and ran for their own sakes.

"This feels like a movie and we were the staring idiots in it, huh? Of course you were the biggest idiot." One country says to another and elbows them.

"India, I will—"

"Careful, Pakistan, don't want another news article written about us not getting along." India interrupts Pakistan.

"Yeah, no, I'm not getting rid of my nuclear weapons with you making comments like that." Pakistan responds annoyedly.

"Neither will I, then." India responds in a similar tone.

The two stare coldly at each other.

"For goodness sake, we just got trapped in a building and finally escaped and all you two can do is argue?" UK comments on the two countries conversations.

"Sorry, force of habit." India and Pakistan say at the same time to which the two glare at each other again.

"I'm impressed, truthfully." Another country says. "But I think you could do better on time, how about you try again and get a new high score."

"No." Every country to of been stuck in the building responds.

"That isn't even funny, Israel." Russia says.

"You don't find anything funny, Russia." Israel responds.

After those words a loud crumbling could be heard as part of the building began to fall down. Smoke spread around the area and it most definitely would of been lethal to the trapped countries.

"And that is exactly why, it is not funny." Russia makes his point again.

"Right, yeah." Israel mutters.

And then the last country of the nine that arrived in the building that morning had finally met up with the group.

Everyone silently stared at him and he did the same back.

"First of all, I'm not sorry." He begins, "second of all... I am sorry. One is true one is false, take your pick." They mumble begrudgingly. It was obvious he had been put up to the task of saying that and not of his own free will.

"North, I'm sorry for not being a friend, I didn't realise you really thought I was. But at the same time, that was a bit much." China says as sentimentally as physically possible for him.

North Korea tries to stay expressionless.

"Yes, I guess it was but you all drove me to it." North Korea responds, "apology accepted, China." North Korea adds on more gently avoiding eye contact towards the mentioned country.

"Anyway, apologies have been said, though they might not be true, the effort has been made and we can appreciate that," UK said, trying to keep any arguments escalating through their continued conversations. He felt it was only a matter of time before an argument would begin.

However, most of the countries could all agree on that. They were tired and are done with this situation, knowing that explaining this to others will be a long conversation.

"Nope, I can forgive anyone, EVEN Russia, but no way can I forgive you." America say and points to North Korea with a glare.

North Korea only glares back, no reaction.

This only seems to anger the US.

"Do you understand the responsibility in which I have placed upon me? I'm going to be in so much trouble it's unbelievable! So *you* are going to be the one speaking to NATO, I don't even care that your not appart of it, I'm not going to take their wrath when they find out about this. Only after that will I apologise to you." America rants heatedly.

"US, we will all be there to explain it, okay?" UK says and puts a hand on America's shoulder, "You don't have to take their wrath, I'll personally defend you."
"And so will Russia and China if they've learnt anything from this experience." UK says while looking towards Russia and China who look a bit awkwardly back having been brought up to "defend" America.

"Yeah, thanks, I'm just... angry... and sore and tired..." America responds.

"Me too. You all want to go and get a hot drink to calm down?" UK asks specifically to the countries that were trapped in the building.

The other five countries were okay with this, though. They felt they hadn't been much help in the situation and so will be the ones to stay behind and at least clean up the mess. An exception for North Korea, he just didn't want to be with anyone at that point in time.

"Yeah!" America agrees happily.

"Sure."
"Why not?"
China and Russia both shrug in agreement.

"Great, I know a nice cafe that should be open now if I have the time right by where the sun is." UK says, making sure to check again by examining the position of where the sun is, "yeah, let's go."

"Have a nice time!" France says to them, "we will all take care of this mess." She says and waves behind her to the partly crumbled

building now almost resembling an ancient ruin. Although it would be a weird looking one at that.

Some of the countries standing near France seem to give her a look of disagreement but don't say anything, nonetheless.

"Thanks." America says.

The four escaped countries then make their way with the guidance of UK to a cafe where they can all finally take a peaceful break.

After this incident they don't really care about the past they share. They're done with that for today, they just want to peacefully get along for now.

Hooray! End of the story! Officially the shortest book I've ever written yet.

I really hope you all liked it and it was interesting enough. Don't mind me skipping to summaries at certain parts because I can't write properly sometimes and making confusing sentences because I forgot one word. That happened a lot more often in this book so yeah...

Believe or not, the beginning is a real debate. Unilateral, or multilateral disarmament of nuclear weapons. Unilateral means one country will disarm their nuclear weapons and hope that other countries with follow. An example of a group for this would be the CND which focuses on the United Kingdom. Multilateral disarmament would mean all the countries disarm their nuclear weapons (that would be nine countries total as that is how many countries have nuclear weapons and you all know who

they are) worldwide. An example of a group for this would be Peace Through NATO (or something along the lines of that, yes, this information is off the top of my head).

I have an entire speech on nuclear weapons that got me top marks in my English class so I am a nuclear weapons expert. Don't take that out of context I don't know how to build a nuclear weapon. Not really. Damn, I'm gonna be o n a watchlist or something now after that. I'm not in support of nuclear weapons, though. I'm much for multilateral disarmament but enough of that, right now.

Anyways, thank you for almost 800 reads on this book! I am also grateful that you read this far, considering my crazy writing.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1489

See You In My Next Book!